# UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

*Associate Editors*

Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

## The Quest for Finality

*By* JOSEPH ERNEST McAFEE

## American Notes

The Crowning of John Haynes Holmes

*By* SYDNEY STRONG

## Gandhi Will Win

*By* V. A. SUNDARAM

## Gandhi Before Pilate

*By* JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

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# UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CV MONDAY, JUNE 9, 1930 NUMBER 15

## HUMANITY AND THE INDIVIDUAL

**Humanity does not exist outside of the individual man, nor without him; the individual man does not exist outside of humanity and without it. The individual and society are the object one of the other. Their apparently contradictory rights are, in reality, mutual duties. The moral dignity of a society is measured by what it does to educate and form the personality of its members; the moral dignity of an individual by what he does for his brothers and for the social body to which he belongs. The well-being of one necessarily depends on that of the other. Where individuality is weak, without initiative or energy, the social body, whatever its extent in space, is neither strong nor really great.**

**That society which, to maintain itself, oppresses individual souls and sacrifices their rights and their culture to its own tranquillity is like a mother who should devour her children. The individual who by his selfishness exploits or destroys the social bond is the perverse or heedless child who to warm himself sets fire to the house of his fathers. Social authority and individual autonomy are not more hostile, and can no more legitimately be opposed to one another, than the final destiny of man from that of humanity.** —*Auguste Sabatier.*

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Let us keep our eyes fixedly upon the central issue in the Indian revolution! It is not that India wants independence. In this quest she is only reproducing the experience of mankind. What India seeks today is only what Switzerland, Italy, Hungary, Poland, and scores of other nations have sought before her. Americans, whose forefathers fought and died for independence from the same Empire that now holds India in thrall, should be the first to understand and sympathize with their Eastern brethren. No, the remarkable thing about India is not her desire for independence, but the unique method which she is using to gain this independence. Under the exalted leadership of Gandhiji, the Indian people are writing a new chapter in the unfolding story of mankind. Deliberately, by the exercise of sublime patience and self-restraint, and at the cost of suffering greater than the censored news dispatches permit us to know, this heroic people are undertaking to fight a battle for liberty *without resort to violence*. History has never seen anything like this before. Non-resistance has been tried by individuals like St. Francis, and by religious groups like the Friends; but the revolution in India marks the first time that a nation has endeavored to lift its struggle for freedom from the plane of armed force to the plane of soul-force. If there has ever been any greater triumph of the spirit than this, we do not know it. And England, even under a Labor cabinet, chooses to meet this spirit by wielding the club and drawing the sword, and by putting in jail the purest, noblest, gentlest man in all the world today! What excuse can there be for the Empire in its present plight, and what compassion for MacDonald who has not been either wise enough or brave enough to find the better way?

---

Next only to Gandhi and Tagore, Mme. Naidu, recently arrested for her activities as head of the Indian nationalist movement, is the outstanding personality of India today. A woman of the highest Brahmin caste, educated in the noblest culture of the western world, a mother of children, and a poetess of international renown, Mme. Naidu has long since espoused the cause of national liberation, and now, in Gandhi's stead, leads the hosts of non-resistance. We met Mme. Naidu when she was in this country in 1928, and had the honor of receiving her in our pulpit in New York. She impressed us then, as she does now in memory, as one of the most remarkable personalities we have ever known. As powerful physically as Gandhi is frail, of noble carriage and august features, Mme. Naidu is a figure to attract and hold attention in any company. Her oratorical gifts are of superb sweep and exalted grandeur. Now the poet chanting in words of ineffable beauty, now the prophet crying aloud for justice and the right, her cadences, spoken in a voice of rapturous intensity, work a spell upon the heart which is irresistible. In personal intercourse, her thought is sharp, direct, incisive, her speech bold and straight to the point. This woman has too much earnestness for light banter—her life is dedicated to a cause too great to be wasted on frivolities either of word or deed. With her one has the sense of a consecrated presence as well as of potent natural endowments. It is not difficult to imagine the power and scope of her influence over her people. In the noble words that have lately been reported from her lips, one can hear the tones of that dauntless voice and the fire of that majestic soul. Mme. Naidu is a worthy disciple of Gandhi, and an inspired leader of India. Especially in her do we see the capacity and spirit of that new womanhood which marks the glory of the new day that now is coming.

---

M. Briand is sticking persistently to his idea of a united Europe. We wish him well in what seems to

us to be one of the heroic adventures of statesmanship in our time. But there is something pathetic, also amusing, in the fact that the French Foreign Secretary should be working for this great end at the very moment when Mussolini is shouting his jingo orations to the patient skies, and stirring great multitudes of excitable and dull-witted Italians to contempt and suspicion of their neighbors. We cannot worry much about the Premier of Rome, for he is too much of a lunatic to be taken seriously. But he is a good sign and symptom, all the same, of the *status quo* in Europe, and the almost quixotic nature, therefore, of Briand's enterprise. Imagine a united Europe, with Italy hating France, and France fearing Germany, and Germany despising Poland, and Poland armed to the teeth against Russia, and Russia armed to the teeth against all the rest of the world! Look at the Balkans, and ponder the relations between Hungary and Roumania, and between Bulgaria and Hungary, and between Greece and Bulgaria! Consider the state of mind of Austria, and Czecho-Slovakia, and Jugo-Slavia! Unity? There is no such thing in Europe today, nor is there prospect of such thing in any time that can now be foreseen. Yet we recall that, in the days following the Revolutionary War in America, there was no unity among the thirteen colonies; also, that seventy-four years after the adoption of the U. S. Constitution, there was the greatest civil war in modern times between states north and south. Unity is not won in a day, nor without sore tribulation. M. Briand's dream is as sensible as it is idealistic. Let him persevere! What he is now beginning, another and happier man may end triumphantly.

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Now that Dwight L. Morrow has suddenly become the Messiah of the "wets" in this country, it may be just as well to note what he really said in his speech in the New Jersey senatorial campaign which has been so rapturously tooted from one end of the country to the other by the "wet" press. In this speech Mr. Morrow did advocate the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, and the transfer of liquor control to the several states. But he gave not a grain of comfort to the "wets" in their opposition to Prohibition as such. On the contrary, in portions of his speech, carefully suppressed by most of our newspapers, he stated his full agreement with the "drys," while differing from them, as indicated, on the matter of administrative policy as between the nation and the states. Listen to these words, for example, as spoken by the man whom eastern Republicans are actually proposing as Republican candidate for the presidency, on the "wet" issue, in opposition to Herbert Hoover:

> There are people who believe that the prohibition of intoxicating liquor under any circumstances by any government is an infringement of the right of the individual to lead his own life in his own way. I do not share that view. It has been generally recognized that all governments have the right to protect a man against his own propensities if the injury to the community is sufficient to warrant the interference with individual liberty. The prohibition movement is a recognition of this principle.
>
> So long as the Eighteenth Amendment and the statutes thereunder are the law of the land, I favor generous appropriations for their enforcement. I favor the use of such appropriations, in the first place, for that portion of enforcement which is preeminently the duty of the Federal Government. This means that the Federal Government would first direct its efforts to keeping liquor from coming into the country and to keeping liquor from passing into interstate commerce.
>
> In the foregoing discussion I have tried to avoid the words wet and dry. It does not help much in a solution of a problem to label men. Nor is it clear whether the labels are intended to describe personal habits or political views. If they are intended to describe political views they lack definiteness. Men labeled wet may be as much opposed to the saloon as men labeled dry. The saloon must not come back.

If this is anti-Prohibition, we are content to make the most of it. If Mr. Morrow is thus willing to concede the validity of the Prohibition principle, and has nothing more in mind than the proper sharing between state and nation of the responsibility for the enforcement of this principle, we are not greatly worried. Personally we believe in the Eighteenth Amendment because the states had their chance and did not rise to it. We are convinced that Prohibition must be established on a national scale, or not at all. But meanwhile, in Mr. Morrow's case, we protest against the deliberate misrepresentation of a man who, in his advocacy of change, concedes everything that is central to the Prohibition cause.

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August 23, 1930, will be the third anniversary of the execution in Massachusetts of Sacco and Vanzetti. As the celebration of this day draws on apace, it is gratifying to know that plans for a Sacco-Vanzetti Memorial House in Boston are under serious consideration. A house, intended for this purpose, is now in possession of a member of the Executive Committee of the Sacco-Vanzetti National League. This is a substantial brick building, four stories in height, situated on Temple Street, in the rear of the State House on Beacon Hill. The first floor, we are told, would make an admirable hall, with seating capacity for as many as 400 persons. Here at least would be one place in the city where meetings could be held on live questions without police interference! The upper floors could be converted into club rooms, or into apartments, the rent from which might well carry the enterprise. A large bronze bas-relief for the facade of this house, done by the distinguished sculptor, Mr. Gutzon Borglum, is described as an impressive piece of work which "should find a place for display in Boston." The initial cost of this enterprise, $20,000 to $25,000, is holding the project in temporary abeyance. We say "temporary," for we cannot believe that so superb an undertaking as this can fail for lack of funds. Sacco and Vanzetti must of course be memorialized, and the place to memorialize them is at the

spot where they fell. We are wicked enough ourselves to feel a desire to shame the Boston Brahmins by establishing this house and hall in their very midst. But far more worthy is our desire to rear some monument which shall proclaim to all the world forever that these two martyrs did not die in vain. In Geneva the visitor is taken to see the expiation monument raised in memory of Servetus. Visitors in Boston through years to come should be taken to see a similar monument raised in memory of "the good shoemaker" and "the poor fish-peddler."

---

There are "Four Great Sins" in the modern world. We are told what they are in a circular which has just come to our desk. The first of these unpardonable sins is *Birth Control*:

"Birth Control is prevalent in the land and the home life is being destroyed. The Protestant people are not multiplying and we have enemies, not only in the church trying to destroy our Christian faith, but all around us and many are not at their best for God."

The second sin is *Sabbath Desecration*:

The fourth commandment says, "Remember the Sabbath Day (or Sunday) to keep it Holy." It is also called the Lord's Day and we know how people are failing to obey this law. If we want a revival God's people will have to measure up in many ways.

The third sin is *Public Bathing*:

Public bathing is also another great sin. All Bible students know how David fell when he saw Bathsheba bathing. 2 Sam. 11:2-5. Now Paul says in 1 Cor. 10:11, that all these things are written for our admonition. All the bathing resorts are crowded on the Sabbath Day (or Sunday) and the Sabbath is desecrated beyond description.

Lastly, as a sort of crowning sin of our degenerate age is *Immodest Dress*:

The fourth evil I speak of is the immodest dress evil. How easy it is after putting on the bathing suits for the enemy to bring into fashion the sleeveless and short dresses (many of them above the knees) and this not at the beach but on the streets and even in the churches. Read 2 Cor. 6:17-18.

It makes us tremble to realize that these are the "Four Great Sins," and that we have never been particularly disturbed by any one of them. Birth Control, as a matter of fact, we have shamelessly advocated. The Sabbath we have believed with Jesus was made for man and not man for the Sabbath, and therefore we have encouraged its use for ends of public health and happiness. Public bathing has always seemed to us not only harmless but pleasant. (We wonder what would happen to the writer of this pamphlet if she went to Russia where nude bathing is the vogue!) As for women's dress, we have here been a protestor, but on the score not so much of immodesty as of ugliness. Can anything be more hideous than the styles of the last few years, with their straight lines and abbreviated contours! We haven't the slightest objection to the exposure of women's legs, and see nothing bad in it, if the legs can stand it. But they can't! A few of these nether extremities add to the beauty of the landscape, but the rest contribute abundantly to its horror. But we fear we are getting sinful in talking about such things. Our duty is obviously to make confession of our wickedness, and thereafter keep silent.

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## The Quest for Finality

Philosophy has been at it for these countless generations. Religion is assumed to demand a philosophic base. But religion if it is also concerned with social program, is embarrassed by the search. It would stand appalled and blighted if the search were successful. For social programs are fluid. People change. Like it or not as we may, they do; they will not and cannot be restrained. Even philosophy, as it becomes humanized, more and more clearly recognizes the futility and banality of the quest.

Yet current religion still conceives itself as profoundly concerned with this search. The one true religion is the uncompromising demand of the vast majority of religionists the world over. Even the Jew, who scorns the devices of the missionary, and is enraged when those devices are practised upon his group, is still of "the chosen people." In the final analysis there can be but one chosen people. Other folk may be permitted a place in the universe, but theirs must be a subordinate place. As hewers of wood and drawers of water they may persist in the ultimate set-up of "the Kingdom," but the Gentile may not aspire to the front circle about the throne.

Can the cult of a group, of a nation, of a race, no matter what may be its doctrinal content, be really true, as religion? Must not religious systems which assume this function offer defiance to true religion? True religion there must doubtless be, but can there be *a* true religion? Is it not a contradiction in terms, a flaunting of the very genius of religion?

To be sure, personal religion is unique. Since you are you and not another, since no other can exactly share your ideals and aspirations and outlook, since no two lives are duplicates, your personal religious reactions must be utterly and untransferably individual. But a religious doctrinal system, designed to blanket a group, a community, a race, a segregated unit of population; a faith once for all delivered to elected saints, —is not that so incongruous as to be declared impossible? It is outlawed on two counts; it disallows those unique personal and individual reactions which are of the essence of religion, and it makes no allowance for that essential fluidity which must inhere in all social programs.

What a long, long way modern society must travel before it achieves religion which really functions as religion! Our unflagging search must be for a program which shall not fail to give free play to the best

impulses of every individual through all the kaleidoscopic evolution of his personality, and at the same time link all of these perpetually changing units in a loyal and joyous service to the common human welfare. This is manifestly a large order. The present point is that it cannot be compassed by cults, fixed doctrinal systems, formulations designed to be applicable to every social situation yesterday, today and forever. They end in being applicable to none.

Slowly and painfully the social sciences are emancipating themselves from a fixed ethics. "Everlasting moral principles" are either false or are truisms, redundancies of rhetoric. It is perfectly true that it is always right to do right, and it is invariably wrong to do wrong. But with the assertion we have said nothing. The possibilities of social combinations and relationships in a given unit of population are infinitely numerous. It is therefore cogently contended by eminent sociologists that the social sciences are no sciences, and cannot become sciences. These scholars may be wrong in thus restricting the term science, but they are manifestly correct when they insist that the spiritual reactions of a human group are too complex to be embraced in tabular or other mathematical formularies.

The factorial of three is six, but the factorial of twelve is 479,001,600. You can stand three persons up in rows in six different orders; of twelve persons you can make something less than five hundred million different rows. You can do the same with hitching posts. This astonishing progression takes place in a social structure composed of the dullest morons. Yet the factorial pattern is relatively simple. It makes no recognition of the enormous variety of delicate relationships of which sensitive and alert human spirits are capable. They do not only stand in rows; they form clusters of the most complicated patterns. And these patterns are altered with each subtle change in the personality of each of the individuals in the group.

If Jesus had the spiritual insight which all of his admirers attribute to him, how he must have deplored and resisted attempts to identify his teachings with a faith once for all delivered! Though he may have limited his social aspirations to the small group of twelve who accompanied him in his itinerations,—which, of course, was far from his world-sweeping thought,—he must have had some appreciation of the almost innumerable combinations and associations in which even so small a group might form themselves. What a blight upon all of his large hopes for humanity must be esteemed the fixation of his teachings in a cult which arbitrarily projects itself as the only true religion!

Another aspect of this quest for finality deserves not less close scrutiny. The search develops a passion for goal. Most religious cults promise a heaven of secure and unrelieved bliss. As though such were possible or desirable! Subjected to discriminating ethical and social appraisal most heavens promised under our various religious cults are anything but heavenly. Moral adventure presents an eternal charm. It may never lose character as adventure. The possibility of defeat alone gives meaning to triumph. Struggle which may fail can alone be struggle. Progress toward a fixed goal is a dreary, dreary journey. Only that progress is real or inspiring which aims at flying goals. Goals satisfy only as they lead forever on.

Messianic hopes remain a tragic delusion when they encourage aspiration to a fixed estate. Such hopes have without doubt buoyed up many a career, have sustained the believing when all about was blank despair. But that was because any hope is better than no hope at all. Hopes which do not ever lure on to larger and finer hopes turn to ashes. Messianic realizations must crumble under the foot and choke the aspirant with the dust of their dissolutions.

There remain many tired, timid souls who get no thrill from a world spinning forever along the ringing grooves of change. A world which does not propose to stop some time, and let them off in green pastures which never grow sere, upon golden streets whose emporia leave no lack, is too much for them. All of us are timid when we are tired. Perhaps that is what is the matter with the religious aspiration of our age: it has worn itself to despair with its mechanisms of finality. It is our crude religious way of re-acting to our machine age. We are spiritually incapable of breathing the breath of the deathless life into our mechanisms. The reason evolution and other formulations of the gospel of ceaseless change do not thrill us is because their pace is too fast for us. We have centered reality in ourselves until we must compress the universe itself into that compass. Religion is designed to identify us with our universe; we have used it to identify the universe with our small selves.

The ethical structure of our civilization breaks down because the Christian and Judaic codes by which it is controlled have been reduced to rigid formularies. They were congealed into precepts designed for a society which has long ago ceased to be. The immortal elements of life are not in them. They do not make character; they groom manikins, automatons. The new day obfuscates them and brings to disaster the characters and the communities whose ethics they have assumed to reform.

Character is the most beautiful thing in the world. But the crowning glory of character is that it is adaptable to all conditions and circumstances. It does right and is right by a divine flexibility, not by rigid conformity to a code. It meets all situations, not merely those where a particular set of moral precepts chance to apply.

It is the irony of history that its great innovators,

those valiant souls who dared to break through encrusting conventions and liberate the human spirit, should have their teachings forthwith converted into new manacles for a new bondage. Has it not been so with the prophets and saints of all ages? One begins to doubt the value of prophethood, and wonders whether unknown graves are not better than sepulchres belatedly whited. The world may yet learn not to mount its heroes on pedestals, but to gauge moral worth by its capacity to generate life which loses itself in new births through its own decay.

Suppose we quit searching for finalities. There is no glory in them. There is only bane and blight. In the end the quest frustrates the functions which make life life. Above all must we emancipate religion, and let it give character, immortal character to the individual and to the community.

JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE.

## Jottings

"His faults, if they can be called such," says a critic of Robert Southey, "were predicting national ruin on small provocation, and believing all who differed with him politically to be enemies of God and society." This sounds, in the former case, like the *Nation,* the *New Republic,* perhaps even UNITY; in the latter case like the Daughters of the American Revolution and the National Defense Society. What a combination of faults in one man!

We shall believe that flying has arrived, when aeroplane flights across the continent and Zeppelin flights across the Atlantic are no longer front-page news.

We passed a Funeral Director's office the other day, and saw as a solitary object in the window a large clock. Was this intended to be a reminder of "the inexorable hour" when we should need the services of this man?

Chicago is preparing a great municipal festival in celebration of its acquisition of a population of more than 3,500,000 people, as recorded in the current census. We wish we knew what there is to celebrate in this achievement. An ant-hill has never seemed to us the highest type of civilization.

Pedestrians in New York City must now cross the street only at crossings and only on the green light. Jay-walkers crossing at other places or times will be arrested and fined. And, believe it or not, the New York *World,* sworn enemy of the 18th Amendment because of its interference with personal liberty, urges that this new regulation be scrupulously obeyed!

It is a bit startling to receive from England a copy of a journal called the *Anti-Slavery Reporter,* and thus to be reminded that the fight against slavery is still not done. It is still more startling to open this journal and find on the first page an editorial on "Lynching in the United States"! J. H. H.

## Parables of War and Peace

X

### Satan Wins*

Now there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them to present himself.

And the Lord said unto Satan, "Whence comest thou?" And Satan answered the Lord, and said, "From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it."

And the Lord said unto Satan, "Thou seemest merry." And Satan answered, and said, "Why should I not be merry? The earth is mine, and all the inhabitants thereof."

And the Lord said unto Satan, "The earth is thine? How sayest thou?" And Satan answered, and said, "Yea, Lord, the earth is mine. I have defeated thee. I have persuaded men to do evil, and call it good. I have taught them to steal with pride, to lie with honor, to kill with glory. I have made rapine respectable, and murder heroic. For thy sake, men do my will. In thy name, they worship me."

And the Lord said unto Satan, "How hast thou done this thing?" And Satan answered, and said, "A little thought of my own—a scheme, a droll deceit! The war in heaven that cast me and my angels into hell—I taught this unto men. Behold, I said, here is a game that has been played in heaven. You should know it. I'll teach it you, if you will stake your souls. And men were tempted, and did fall. And now I go to and fro in the earth, and walk up and down in it, and watch men play this game which casts them into hell with me."

And the Lord said unto Satan, "Hast thou considered Christ, my beloved Son, the Prince of Peace?" And Satan answered, smiling, "Yea, Lord, I have considered Christ, thy beloved Son, the Prince of Peace. Men march to war beneath his cross. It is for him they fight and kill."

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

*See Job II.

# American Notes

## The Crowning of John Haynes Holmes

All the readers of UNITY should have been present last night at the Commencement Exercises of the Jewish Institute of Religion, New York City—the fifth annual—to witness the crowning of John Haynes Holmes. If it had not been Sunday, I think Gabriel would have radioed the news all over heaven. As it was, I have no doubt that the *Daily Eternal* gave it to the ambrosial-eaters this morning.

While waiting in the rapidly filling chapel, I was permitted to reflect on the fact that this Institute is really a remarkable institution. Only five years old, the child of Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, who is also President! Located on West 68th Street, near Central Park. Already, this year, ten men have been fitted to go forth as rabbis. As they stood on the platform, they looked very fit. One wonders why more religious leaders do not have Institutes after the fashion of this one.

First came the Processional, "Blessed is he who cometh in the name of the Lord," and in filed seventy-five begowned students, faculty, honored visitors, directors, all with mortar-boards. (I afterwards asked a dozen men who wore the boards, what was the origin of the style. None knew! Does the reader know? One suggested that this would have to be given for a thesis!) Then the congregation rose and sang, "All the World Shall Come to Serve Thee." These people can sing! After an excellent address by the Hon. Solomon M. Stroock, lawyer, who is chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Jewish Theological Seminary, the chorus rendered Handel's "Hallelujah." Splendid! If King George had been there he would have stood up from the compelling, uplifting notes of the great Oratorio.

Then came the conferring of degrees. First the ten graduates—those of lesser degree! Man seems to demand that all of his spectacles shall be arranged on the climax principle—weddings, commencements, even prize-fights. Those of lesser degree come first. This is no reflection upon the ten men who stood on the platform to receive their Masters' degrees, bearing names running the alphabet all the way from Michael Alper to Albert Akiba Ruskin. They appeared to be men of no mean stature, all ready for commanding positions. After they had received their parchments and resumed their seats below, in a most touching manner Judge Julian W. Mack, chairman of Board of Trustees, presented Henrietta Szold as a candidate for the degree of Doctor of Hebrew Letters. It was done *in absentia* since she is now in Palestine. With wonderful prescience a cable was read from her! It was Proverbs 25:25. "As cold waters to a thirsty soul, So is good news from a far country." The Bible is still the greatest book, expressing all human experiences.

Then came the climax of the exercises — the crowning of John Haynes Holmes. Two men stood facing each other, Stephen and John. Probably the two best prophetic preachers in the land.

Said Stephen to John (I never hear Rabbi Wise without thinking of a vast organ, a supreme soloist and an inspiring intelligence all in one). Said Stephen to John:

"John Haynes Holmes, religionist-humanist, battler for divine values in human life, clear-eyed seer of truth *subspecie eternitatis et humanitatis,* hospitable to truth whether uttered by Isaiah or Marx, Jesus or Lincoln, Tolstoy or Gandhi; mighty apostle of justice and resistlessly militant prophet of peace, foremost in his generation in the American pulpit measured by the standards of Theodore Parker and David Einhorn, Phillips Brooks and Isaac Wise, Washington Gladden and Emil Hirsch, defender of Israel because friend of man, servant of justice and helper of the wronged."

And over his head he placed the yoke of red color, to signify that he had been crowned a Doctor of Divinity.

Said John to Stephen! It was not for him to say much. But he was deeply moved at this gift handed him from the School of Prophets, and he spoke briefly of his long accumulating debt to the Hebrews and their prophets, ever since as a young man he had felt the power and uplift of those leaders, who walked in green pastures, crossed deserts, climbed mountains, engaged seriously in the business of religion. He said and he looked as if he would rather receive this gift from the hands of Stephen S. Wise, of the Jewish Institute, than from any other source on earth. For of all things, Holmes is a prophet. And a "debt of expiation" for what his "fathers" had done to the Hebrews —it was ever with him, he said, and could never be adequately paid!

There were others in at the crowning. Let me tell of them. I have seen them so often in Holmes' presence that I have come to recognize them. All the prophets from the beginning were interested in that crowning of one of their breed! Gandhi (whom not having seen yet loves), and Mrs. Naidu, who has been an honored guest in his pulpit, were there. No doubt of that! Debs was there—the one who loved men. Edwin Markham, too! And Mrs. Markham, also a member of the royal house! And the Negro, with whom I talked last week at the annual meeting of Community Church, who gave me the reasons for at last "finding the preacher I like"—all to be summed up in the word "sincerity"—he was there, and with him were the twelve millions of Negroes, all singing acclamations to Holmes. No wonder Gabriel was ready to shout it all over heaven. And, Holmes' father was there at the crowning—the man who, like Abraham, was willing to risk the life of his beloved son rather than give him alcohol. That undying Puritan spirit had survived, and stood on the platform last night. S. O. Levinson was there—chief mover perhaps in the Outlawry of War idea, and the subsequent Peace Pact — and Senator Borah too — both pointing to Holmes, saying he was a necessary and important link in the enterprise. What a "cloud of witnesses!" The singers of earth were there; also, the poets, ancient and modern; actors, too. For, Holmes is musician, poet and artist. Union Square was well represented; so, was Columbus Circle and Park Avenue. A prophet is a scarce article! Why should not the islands and the continents take interest? And, there were present at this crowning Oliver Wendell Holmes, Lowell, Emerson, Channing, Thoreau, Whittier—the whole school that gathered about the

name of Boston—they were there for the simple reason that no man in America more truly keeps alive the spirit and ideas of these men, more truly wears the mantle they left. I am writing things that not everybody sees, but it will not be long when all eyes will be open. It is to their glory and insight that Stephen S. Wise and the Jewish Institute were gifted enough to choose the right man for the crowning.

To attend this Commencement was like a stroll along the stream of human life that has brought so much to humanity, the Hebrew stream. It took me through green pastures, beside still waters, under Sinai, out of Egypt, to the Law, clear back to the Garden of Paradise. It was refreshing and invigorating.

The crowning of Dr. Holmes has not added one inch to his stature. A smaller man it would make still smaller. But, he will be the same. He will carefully put away the cap and gown where moth cannot corrupt, and be a man among men, as of old; "a servant of justice and helper of the wronged," as Stephen S. Wise said he was.

SYDNEY STRONG.

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## Gandhi Will Win

[Special for UNITY]

Gandhi will win and this war of good against evil will have a new value for the whole world. Never before in human history was a war waged on such a big scale between truth and untruth. England has grown strong and mighty. She has become wealthy and proud. Today she wields great power. She is full of greed and lust. England holds sway over large lands on earth. She has a big empire over which her people say the sun never sets. She rules the seas and the air. Her ships sail proudly over the ocean waves and her aeroplanes fly swiftly over all parts of the globe creating awe in the minds of poor people.

This little island from the far West has robbed India and has strangled thirty crores of people. This modern witch among the nations of the West has cast her spell on India, and has struck India with her magic wand. Millions have become mute and dumb. For a century and a half India has slept and snored. Now she is awake from her age-long slumber and is trying to get out of the clutches of this demon. And Gandhi has girded up his loins to fight against this evil power. He has no guns, no planes, no warships! England thinks he is "small fry." She does not care a fig for him. But Gandhi, who takes his life in his hand, is stronger . . . mightier . . . more powerful than Britain. He has put his axe at the root of this puissant nation and will break the might of England. His love will conquer hate and England will come to know that might is not right but that right is might.

Gandhiji is India's *guru* and the world's best man. He is a rare being. We cannot find his peer. He is full of love and his heart bleeds for the poor. His one thought has been to help them. He lives a simple life and exists on milk and grapes. He wears a loin cloth and has few wants. He is a man of peace. This good and great man has done wonders in India during the last fifteen years. He has restored the little spinning wheel to its ancient glory. He has solved the bread problem, and has given food to tens of thousands of hungry people. The wheel is the means of sustenance for the poor millions. Gandhiji himself spins every day and his wheel as it rolls sings the song of peace and goodwill to all.

Gandhiji is engaged in the quest of truth. He speaks of the glory of the God and wants his people to go back to the great golden age of India and live a life of joy and innocence. England hates this man for he has testified that she is full of evil. He knows England as no other Indian does. He has served that country loyally for twenty-five years. Four times he risked his life and helped her. But he found England untrue. She is like a wolf catching the poor Indian sheep, and scattering them. Gandhiji the good shepherd knows his sheep. He has begun to take care of them and will lay down his life for them. Now he has blown his fife and many have heard his call. He has begun his war against England and has left his peaceful retreat by the river side and has gone to the battlefield. The world will witness a new war—a war of good against evil—of brute force against soul force—between God and man. Before he left to wage this war, Gandhiji wrote a letter to the Viceroy. But what recks England's Viceroy for India's Gandhi? He asked for bread and got a stone. England is mad with wounded vanity. She is raging with fury. The old lion is shaking its mane. Soon she will roar, to terrify India. But gentle Gandhiji is serene and calm. Like a goat he will go and stand before the lion's mouth, and he has hundreds of other goats to pacify the lion's hunger.

England can feast on poor India now for the last time. She can have her orgy, but no longer can she be the queen of India. She has lost all her claims to India's loyalty. India had put up with her misrule for a century and a half. She will no longer be a slave in her own country. She will either be free or die. She cannot endure the foreign yoke. India will become a nurse of liberty. She will be in the van of civilization. Gandhiji has been sent by God. He is a messenger from Heaven. He wants to take away the sins of India and of the world. He is doing great *Tapasaya* (Penance), and thus doing the will of Him that sent him. Death has no fear for the Mahatama. He has conquered lust, fear, anger. He does not care for filthy lucre. He wants peace for India and peace for the world. He will have it sooner or later.

Gandhiji is utterly opposed to war. So he has left the beaten track of history and has found out a new method of winning liberty. By soul force he will conquer his enemies. By self-suffering he will melt the hardest hearts. His soul force is unknown to the West. Nineteen centuries ago Jesus Christ taught the world the meaning of the word, which is suffering. The Nazarene gave up his life, and the great Roman Empire crumbled after him. Today Gandhiji, to whom love is the lode-star of his life, whose voice is for peace, has begun to defy another imperial power. England's fate is written on the wall.

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# Gandhi Before Pilate

In order to understand the situation in India today, it is necessary to know the story of Gandhi. More than any other man, I believe, who has ever lived, the Mahatma is the personal embodiment of his people. He is "the most extraordinary popular leader ever known," says the Englishman, S. K. Ratcliffe. "His followers are counted by tens of millions. For many years past he has moved up and down India amid continual excitement, accompanied by a murmur of multitudes stirred to the depths." Of these nameless millions of men and women, Gandhi is the living conscience—the leader whom they follow, the saint whom they revere. His life, therefore, in the critical period of this last decade, is literally the history of his country.

It is interesting to notice, at the outset, that as recently as the year 1918, Gandhi was a loyal subject of the British Empire. In a famous letter, "To an Englishman," the Mahatma says, "No Indian has cooperated with the English government more than I have for an unbroken period of twenty-nine years of public life, and in the face of circumstances that might well have turned any other man into a rebel." This cooperation, he goes on to say, was "not based upon the fear of punishments provided by your laws, or any other selfish motives," but represented a "belief that the sum-total of the British government was for the benefit of India." During the war Gandhi did the amazing thing, for a non-resistant pacifist, of recruiting for the British army as a pledge of his fidelity to the Empire and his willingness to help its cause. This was policy as well as personal devotion, for the word had come from England that the reward of loyalty was certain to be the grant of a larger measure of self-government for India. In August, 1917, the Secretary for India, Mr. Montagu, promised India a government responsible to the people. In July, 1918, Mr. Montagu and the Indian Viceroy, Lord Chelmsford, signed an official report recommending constitutional reform for India. The preceding April, when the Allied armies were crumbling up before the last great drive of the Germans. Mr. Lloyd George, Prime Minister, sent an appeal to the people of India which hinted that the hour of India's independence was at hand. It was a glorious dream, and India rose to it in an ecstacy of anticipation. Gandhi promised the Empire his loyal backing, and took the lead in a campaign which contributed no less than 985,000 men to the armies on the western front.

But if the dream was glorious, "the awakening," as Romain Rolland puts it, "was terrible." With the danger over, the promises of England were forgotten. After the signing of the Armistice, the government dropped its mask of fine pretense and, instead of granting the promised liberties, actually withdrew such measures of freedom and dignity as already existed. Three things happened in the period immediately after the war which changed the face of India and the soul of Gandhi.

The first thing was the passage of the Rowlatt Acts which aimed to establish as a part of the statute law of the *Raj* the provisions of the Defense Act which had been imposed upon India during the stress and strain of the struggle against Germany. This made secret police, official censorship, social repression and "all the tyrannical annoyances of a real state of siege" into a permanent reality. Behind this legislation, of course, was a fundamental distrust of the Indian people which outraged even the humblest in the land.

The second thing that happened, in the wake of the revolt against the Rowlatt Acts, was the massacre at Amritsar. A peaceable crowd, assembled in an open space in the city of Jallianwalla Bagh, was surrounded and fired upon from machine-guns at the command of an English general. From five to six hundred Hindus were killed, and four or five times this number seriously wounded. It was a slaughter as of rabbits in a warren.

This horror was followed by the reign of terror in the Punjab. As though maddened by their own ferocity, the English authorities visited upon the helpless people of the province every indignity and cruelty imaginable. Aeroplanes threw bombs on unarmed crowds. Honorable and unoffending citizens were arrested and imprisoned. They were lashed together in droves and flogged like bond-slaves through the streets. They were even forced to get down on their hands and knees, and there to crawl like animals over the dirty paving-stones. Never was any people anywhere in so short a space of time subjected to such base humiliation.

It was these events which changed the currents of Gandhi's life. His experience had the suddenness of a religious conversion. He who had been the friend of the Empire now became the enemy not of Englishmen, for there can be no hatred in Gandhi's heart for any human being, but of "the satanic government," as he called it, which Englishmen had imposed upon his country. Instantly this most important and influential man in India put himself at the head of the revolt which was sweeping the masses of his fellow-countrymen. He did this for two reasons. First, of course, he was an Indian, and thus himself had been outraged by the indignity and suffering which had been visited upon his people. In the second place, he dreaded violence, as he knew its futility and was convinced of its wickedness, and hoped by the power of his leadership to lead the inevitable revolution into paths of security and honor. For twenty years, in South Africa, he had led a campaign against the governmental authorities on behalf of the rights and privileges of Hindus on strictly non-violent lines. He had taught his people to fight not by violence but by suffering, and to conquer not by hatred but by love. "Non-cooperation" was his magic word—the refusal to work, or live, or associate with other men save under conditions of equal rights and mutual respect. What had been done on a small scale in South Africa could be done on a large scale in India. It must be done, if India and England alike were to be saved from a whirlwind of violence and bloodshed. So Gandhi leaped into the storm, not to fan but only to temper and control its fury.

It was in August, 1920, that there began in India, under the leadership of Mahatma Gandhi, that vast campaign of non-violent non-cooperation against the British *Raj*—of deliberate organized refusal to sustain the alien government imposed upon the nation—which stands as one of the most remarkable phenomena in the history of the world. Around one man there gathered the millions of the land—high and low, rich and poor, literates and illiterates, city workers and country farmers, Hindus and Moslems, Brahmans and untouch-

ables. For the first time the people were united. Under the influence of a man whose frail body weighed scarcely ninety pounds, whose personal appearance was insignificant, who had no gift of eloquence nor power of personality, but who had caught the imagination of his fellow-countrymen by the sanctity of his life and the singleness of his devotion, the Indians of all classes were mobilized into one great body of revolt. They surrendered all titles of honor and all honorary offices—Sir Rabindranath Tagore, for example, returned his knighthood to the English crown! They refused all participation in government loans. They abandoned the English law-courts, bringing their differences before voluntary judges of their own choosing. They took their children out of government schools, and their young men out of the English colleges and universities. They boycotted the legislative councils. They refused all participation in government parties and other official functions. They refused to accept any civil or military posts at the hands of government. They refused to purchase English goods, and started busily the spinning of native cloth (*Khaddar*). They prepared to pay no taxes. And always they refrained from violence. "There must be no violence," said Gandhi. "Violence means retrogression in our case, and useless waste of innocent lives. Above everything else, there must be complete order."

The effect of this non-violent, non-cooperative campaign was amazing. The multitudes of India were stirred as by a storm, and the rule of England shaken as by an earthquake. Said Sir George Lloyd, the English Governor of Bombay, "Gandhi's was the most colossal experiment in world history, and it came within an inch of succeeding." It is the common opinion that failure came in the end because Gandhi was arrested and imprisoned, and his power thereby broken. But nothing could be farther from the truth! If failure came to the great adventure, it was because the Mahatma himself chose that it should come. Three times, when he was just on the threshold of triumph, when he had already set the date for the last step of revolt which was non-payment of taxes, Gandhi halted his movement on the outbreak of violence, and declared that the Indians were not ready to take over the control of their country until they were able to exercise control over themselves. The collapse which followed so suddenly upon the arrest of Gandhi was the collapse which he had prepared by his own high resolve to sacrifice victory rather than to win it by force and violence.

It was while Gandhi was in prison at Yeravda (1922-1924) that he came to realize that he had put suddenly on the masses of India a greater spiritual burden than they were prepared even under his leadership to bear. He had achieved a miracle with the people. He had done what had never been done before—stirred the multitude and united them in a common movement of devotion and sacrifice. But the strain was too great, and under it the people had broken. This meant that the Indians needed training and discipline. They must be prepared for their great task of independence. He, their Mahatma, must make them inwardly worthy of what they desired, and thus spiritually capable of winning and holding it. His task was to cleanse India of its abomination; to end forever the political, racial and religious hatreds which divided the nation and made it impotent, and to subdue the masses everywhere to self-dependence, outwardly in their political and economic, inwardly in their intellectual and spiritual life. He must teach them, in other words, the law of love, and, by making them obedient to this law, fit them to be at last the masters of their own destiny.

It was when Gandhi, after his release from prison, undertook this gigantic labor of the spiritual regeneration of a whole people, that he entered upon what stands in many ways as the greatest period of his career. He abandoned now the political field to other and lesser men. His was no longer the task of organizing political parties, presiding at political congresses, leading nationalistic political campaigns. This work might well go on—indeed, it must go on! But always there was the deeper and higher task of reaching the souls of the people, and this henceforward was *his* task. Promptly he defined certain tests, or standards, of spiritual discipline which must be met as a condition of the attainment of *Swaraj*. His program had five points, like the five fingers of the hand:

First, *Khaddar*—the spinning of native cloth, and its use in place of the imported cotton cloth from England.

Secondly, Hindu-Moslem unity—the ending of the baleful and disastrous strife which had so long divided these two great religious groups of India.

Thirdly, removal of untouchability—the return into the family of the Indian people of the millions of men and women outlawed from the society of their fellows by the curse of caste.

Fourthly, equality of women—the enjoyment by women on equal terms with men, of all political, economic and social rights.

Fifthly, prohibition of the liquor traffic—the banning by law of the manufacture, distribution and sale of alcoholic beverages.

These were the five points of Gandhi's program of reform. And as the five fingers are bound together and animated by the hand, so these five points were bound together and animated by the all-embracing principle of non-violence. All Indians must eschew violence, banish hate and fear from out their hearts, and seek deliverance from the national enemy (Britain) by overcoming this enemy by the power not of the sword but of the spirit. Long since had Gandhi begun this work in his own individual life. He had organized it on a modest scale at his school (Ashram) and fraternal community at Ahmedabad. Now he sent forth the challenge throughout the length and breadth of all the land, and set himself patiently and resolutely to the task of its fulfillment.

As I recall this great epoch in Gandhi's life (1924-1929), I have but a single thought. What a chance was this for England! The Mahatma had never been so powerful. He was removed by his own deliberate choice from the field of agitation and rebellion to the field of constructive social and religious reform. He was suddenly become a spiritual leader, concerned with the souls of his people and their dedication to great causes of brotherhood and peace. Was there no statesman in England who could see and seize this opportunity to join hands with Gandhi for the working out of the problem of India's relations with the Empire? Was there no man wise enough to say to the great Indian, "You are seeking to save your people in ways that will help us, as they will help the world. We

sympathize with you, we would help you, we would cooperate with you. You can speak for your people, who we know will follow you. Tell us, now, what we must do to establish India in dignity and freedom, and avoid the conflict so long impending with its dire threats upon us."

I like to think that had J. Ramsay MacDonald been in office in Westminster at this time, he would have taken this wise and heroic step of reconciliation with India. But the Labor leader, in office but not in power, was overthrown in what I regard as the greatest political disaster since the close of the Great War, and was succeeded by a Tory ministry utterly incompetent to understand and handle the Indian situation. Once again were the lives of millions of innocent men and women to be doomed to misery and death by the stupidity of statesmen! For the English Tories could see nothing in India but the retirement of Gandhi from active political leadership, and could find no interpretation of this retirement but his loss of influence and power. Gandhi, they said, was a broken rod, a shattered idol. He had had his little day as the master of India, and now this day was done. No one need pay any attention to him any longer. With the passing of this amazing man, the danger of revolt was over, and the Empire could proceed to work out in its own way and to its own advantage the destinies of the Indian people. So England went ahead—stupidly, blindly, selfishly—and repeated that record of arrogance and oppression which had wrought such disaster at the close of the Great War. Four things happened in these years which drove the people of India into an even more furious frenzy of despair and wrath than that which had followed upon the massacre of Amritsar.

First, to quote the Englishman, S. K. Ratcliffe, "a Conservative prime minister, knowing nothing of the East, entrusted Indian affairs to hands that should never have been allowed to touch them, and India was provided with the distressing spectacle of a Gandhi being confronted by a Birkenhead. In that contrast, perhaps the destiny of British power in Asia may be symbolized. Such collocations may seem trivial in themselves. They are not seldom the turning-point of national and imperial destiny."

Secondly, in anticipation of a necessary revision of the Indian constitution, the Simon Commission was appointed with no representation of India in its membership. In all the more than three hundred millions of Indians, there was found not one man—Gandhi, or anybody else—who was deemed worthy to sit with Englishmen in the determination of Indian affairs! Instantly India exploded in one vast eruption of indignation and revolt. Political and religious differences disappeared, as men of all parties and all creeds united in one high resolve to boycott the Commission and repudiate its work. Wherever Sir John Simon and his associates went in India, they were met by vast uprisings of the people, armed with insulting banners, which paralyzed all efforts of the Commission to achieve results.

Thirdly, and in some ways worst of all, the Simon Commission was supported not only by Tories and Liberals in England, but also by Laborites. With a degree of stupidity which at this date seems fairly incredible, Mr. MacDonald not only voted for the Commission in the House of Commons, but actually allowed representatives of the Labor Party to serve as members of the Commission. When this happened the last remnants of confidence in England disappeared from the hearts of Indians. From Gandhi down, all now believed that there was henceforth no Englishmen in church or state, in private or public life, who could be trusted. The Labor Party was the last hope, and in this crisis of Indian affairs the Party had gone over to the enemy. From this moment on, all contacts with England were definitely and forever at an end.

Lastly, as a crowning irony of the situation, came the publication of Katherine Mayo's "Mother India." This curious and wicked book may seem to be a trivial phenomenon in the perspective of the tremendous events of this present hour. But in relation to the circumstances which pertained when it was published, the book was a disaster of the first magnitude. Into a problem of utmost difficulty and delicacy, needing for its solution every influence of moderation and goodwill, there was suddenly precipitated this work which held up India to the ridicule and contempt of men. Nobody in India will ever believe that this vicious slander, which spared not even such men as Gandhi and Tagore from libelous attack, was not inspired by British influences. Whether or not this be true, "Mother India" was one of the central influences of the time which made cooperation between Englishmen and Indians impossible. Says Mr. Ratcliffe, "It poisoned the entire atmosphere."

Thus was disillusionment renewed and severance completed. Again, as in 1919, Britain had lost its opportunity and driven all India to revolt. Gandhi in his retirement, preaching the regeneration of his people and their inner spiritual preparation for the fulfillment of their nationalistic dreams, watched the drift of the times, and noted its steady progress towards disaster. On the one hand was an England which was obdurate, stubborn, stupid, steadfastly resolved to rely in the last resort upon that sheer brute force of arms and men which had sustained the empire hitherto. On the other hand was an India aflame with wrath, and, worst of all, beginning to turn away, in sheer loss of patience and self-control, from the ideal of non-resistance which had been the moving passion of the Mahatma's life. The new generation of Indians seemed no longer to be with him in his program of non-violent non-cooperation, but, like young blood everywhere, was dallying with the quick and easy way of striking at the foe and delivering themselves by force from the bondage in which they suffered. Was it possible for him, in such a situation of seething unrest and disturbance, to continue or in any way achieve that basic work of social and spiritual change to which he had deliberately set his hand? Could he retain any influence, or serve any useful or effective end, if he stayed aloof from his people in such an hour of national humiliation and distress? Was he not an Indian, and did he not feel at this time, as in 1920, the duty to act in concert with all Indians in defence of their dignity and rights as men? Above all, must he not strive again as in 1920, to turn the tide of violence which seemed sweeping upon the land, and guide it into safe channels of protest and revolt? He was old and feeble, but his power was still as great as ever. Did there not remain for him one last effort to save the situation from the final cataclysm of ruin, and by some supreme demonstration of nonresistant love, achieve an emancipation of India which

would not be inconsistent with a reconciliation with England?

It was some such line of thought as this which persuaded Gandhi to emerge from his retirement, and assume again the active leadership of India in her revolt against the British crown. At the All-India Congress of 1928, the great Mahatma entered upon the third, and in all probability the last, period of his heroic service for the cause of India. Exercising his old mastery of his people, even of the younger men and women, who still reverenced him as their country's saint and savior, Gandhi served upon Britain an ultimatum that *Swaraj* must be granted to India within the period of the next year—i.e., before January 1, 1930. On the other hand, the Mahatma gave solemn pledge to his people that if Britain did not act within the period named, he would again organize and personally lead a nation-wide non-resistant movement for independence. It is this pledge which Gandhi is fulfilling at this hour. What may well be the last days of his life he is dedicating to the herculean task of winning his goal for India, and at the same time saving India and England alike from the horrors of violence, bloodshed and destruction. It is this which justifies Gandhi's claim that he is acting on England's behalf quite as much as on behalf of his native land, and that his non-violent non-cooperative campaign is prompted quite as much by concern for Englishmen as for Indians. The Mahatma, in other words, is the same sublime figure of self-forgetting sacrifice to the cause of peace and brotherhood that he has been from the beginning of his career. Yet is there another Gandhi before the world today! In three respects at least, his present campaign, so dramatically initiated by his march to the Gulf of Cambay and his ritualistic evaporation of a handful of salt on the sands of Dandi, differs from the great campaign of 1920-1921:

In the first place, this campaign is directed, straight and sure as an arrow, to the end of national independence for India. Gandhi is now for the first time in his life committed to this farthest goal of political liberation. Whether he has been driven to this position by the rising tide of sentiment for independence in young India, or has himself attained to this conviction by a process of slow inner development through a decade of disillusionment, is a question of no importance. The momentous fact is that the revered leader of a great people, who was for years ready to interpret *Swaraj* in terms of dominion status or even less, has now become an uncompromising advocate of separation from the Empire.

In the second place, Gandhi is conducting a campaign which at its very beginning is farther advanced in rigor and determination than his last campaign even at its close. Thus, in 1920-1921, Gandhi never came to the time when he was willing to ask his followers to refuse to pay taxes to the British *Raj*. This was one of the items on his program, to be sure, but the last item, and it was not to be acted upon until all the other items had been successfully carried out. In this campaign, however, operations have been opened by an attack upon the salt monopoly, and this has been almost immediately followed by an appeal to the landowners of the villages not to pay their land taxes. The significance of this strategy is obvious. It registers, like a gauge in the sea, the rising of the tide of nationalistic revolt.

Lastly, and most momentous, the Mahatma is not allowing his movement to be deterred or even delayed today by the outbreak of violence. Gandhi of course, is as much opposed to violence as ever, and his followers are as solemnly and irrevocably pledged against it. But whereas, in 1920-1921, an outbreak of force led to a suspension of operations and a period of penance, today such outbreak leads only to a new determination to press ahead and reach the decisive moment as soon as possible. It would seem as though this were a repudiation of Gandhi's conviction that the Indian people must learn to master themselves before they undertake the mastery of their government—that preparation must precede attainment. But the Indian leader seems now to have penetrated to the deeper truth that the struggle for independence, with such suffering and death as may attend it, is itself the preparation needed for independence. The present campaign, said Gandhi, in a recent issue of his paper, *Young India,* is designed "not to establish independence, but to arm the people with the power to do so." We must deliberately seek wounds, and even death itself, that by the discipline of suffering we may make ourselves fit for the freedom we would enjoy! This is the new Gandhi—a Gandhi more relentless, even ruthless, than he has been before. He has at last become, like Jesus, one of "the terrible meek"—the meek who "inherit the earth!"

Will Gandhi succeed in this last and most tremendous effort after liberty? I do not believe that he will today, though I regard it as certain that he will tomorrow. For the immediate future the worst may have to be feared—the imprisonment and perhaps the death of Gandhi, the scattering of his forces, the torture of his people, long years of struggle such as made the history of Ireland a tragedy for a hundred years! But in the end, at whatever time soon or late, the victory is certain. For when a people sets its face toward the goal of liberty, it moves, through whatever loss and misery and woe, till it arrives. The freedom of India is as certain as was the freedom of America, Greece, Italy, Mexico, Poland, Hungary, or any other of the scores of countries which have sought and found their national deliverance. Meanwhile, in the confusion of the hour, it is important to understand the purpose of Mahatma Gandhi and his immortal significance for posterity.

What we have in this great Indian, first of all, is the leader of his country's cause of independence. Here he ranks with George Washington as the determining personal influence in his nation's destiny.

But the Mahatma is more than a mere nationalistic figure. He is the leader of a civilization, of a world—of the revolt of the East against the pride, the power and the vainglory of the West. Here Gandhi ranks with Sun-Yat Sen, as the savior of the culture and very life of an awakened Asia.

But the Mahatma belongs not merely to India and Asia but to the world. He comes that men may learn again the way of life. For what do we see in this revolt which Gandhi leads? On the one side the greatest empire that history has known since the decline and fall of Rome, equipped with vast resources of men and money, armed with rifles, bayonets, machine-guns, tanks and bombing-planes, all the immeasurable power that wreaks devastation and death in this modern age. On the other side, one feeble man, with

emaciated body and halting step, naked save for the cloth that binds his loins, accompanied by no army or even band of followers, but only by a little group of disciples, as unarmed and therefore as defenceless as himself. When has the world ever seen such a duel as this between sword and spirit? Not since Jesus the Nazarene confronted Pilate, and declared to this viceroy of imperial Rome, "My kingdom is not of this world; if my kingdom were of this world then would my servants fight . . . but now is my kingdom not from hence." Again, after two thousand years, the throne of Pilate is set up among the nations, and before it stands the savior of mankind. Must there be another crucifixion? And if so, will not Gandhi rise, as Jesus rose, to vex the peoples of the earth forever?

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

## The Study Table

### H. L. Mencken's "Prejudices," Now Called "Treatises," Are Still Prejudices

Mister Henry Mencken thinks he is a skeptic. He is not. He is an evangelist, a preacher with a creed to proclaim from the housetops. Mister Mencken does not speak in the tone of voice of a Montaigne, a genuine skeptic, but shouts from the roof much in the manner of a Billy Sunday.

What Mister Mencken believes is clearly and forcefully set forth in his recent Epistle to the Antis which bears the pretentious title of "Treatise on the Gods."*

The author begins by defining religion to suit his prejudices, and incidentally his customers, asserting that it is always and everywhere an attempt to gain the favor of those gods whom the priests have set up in order to bully the people into submission.

In the first two of five compact chapters, and Mister Mencken does have the ability to state his views concisely, he reviews the "evolution" of religion in a way to drive home the point and bolster up the faith of his followers. He tells them they may believe that once upon a time there was a flood which threatened to drive the people from their caves; the folks were in hysterics before the rising tide, when suddenly, and just about the time the water was going to subside anyway (an important point), an eccentric fellow rushed out into the waves and beat them with his hands, at the same time yelling at the top of his voice (or perhaps I have confused the author with the character in this tale); the cave-dwellers were greatly impressed, and, not to retrace all of the steps in the story, were led to believe that God had actually been persuaded to stop the flood by the fool who had rushed in to whip back the waves. Now isn't it perfectly clear, suggests the author, that just here is where the damnable priests came into human history and concocted this absurdity called religion? Mister Mencken's book is an effort (thousands have been made before his) to keep us from believing that the flood was really stopped by that wild man, or that his successors, the priests, are anything but pretenders to power which they do not possess. The entire book is an attempt to make this point clearer than it has ever been made before. Have nothing to do with priests, if you want to be a skeptic and an intelligent man, says the author, for they are only humbugs and religion is only their hocus-pocus.

Lest the followers of Mister Mencken be duped into believing that there are some forms of religion which the dirty little priests did not foist on us, he puts in chapter three on "Varieties," and here again shows that he can write as any good pamphleteer should write, with a show of erudition and a firm resolve to exclude all facts contrary to his thesis. All the varieties of religion are well known to him, he intimates, and he is anxious to have us understand that they are all, without exception, priest-made, priest-contaminated and priest-perpetuated.

Up to this point Mister Mencken has done little in his book which is likely to be displeasing to his regular customers. But in the fourth chapter, on "Its Christian Form," he treats religion entirely too sympathetically for a man of his unyielding nature. The trouble seems to be that, when he turned from the many books out of which he got his information for chapters one to three, he then took up the Bible, and, like any other fair-minded reader, he fell under the spell of its charm. From there on the author had difficulties. These embarrassments may not be apparent to the casual reader anxious to swallow Mencken's thesis whole, but they are scattered all through the latter half of his Treatise.

As long as Mister Mencken wrote with an eye glued to the anti-priestcraft literature of the deistic period, and its progeny, he produced such pages as are bound to please the faithful, but as soon as he turned from such secondary material and really began to read the products of the religious spirit itself, that is in the Bible, he fell from a cold detachment, if that is what it was meant to be in the first three chapters, and begins to throw off such praises as the following.

"The historicity of Jesus is no longer questioned seriously by anyone, whether Christian or unbeliever." So Jesus is not, after all, an invention of those terrible priests. That much is settled. The New Testament is "an historical document of very tolerable authority," and, listen to his, "The Old Testament . . . as poetry . . . has never been surpassed in the world." He speaks of the story of the woman taken in adultery, eighth chapter of John, as the "most poignant drama ever written" and says that "in one respect, at least, Christianity is vastly superior to every other religion . . . it is full of a lush and lovely poetry. The Bible is unquestionably the most beautiful book in the world."

Alas! for poor Mister Mencken. He will lose his place as bishop of the Angryantis unless he recants. For whenever a man really *feels* that the twenty-third psalm is "the world's greatest hymn," and, when one begins to be emotionally stirred by such a story as that in the eighth chapter of John already referred to, and, when a man begins to talk of Christianity as full of a lovely poetry, he comes near to making a few positive assertions of his own religious faith. Indeed Mencken has baptized himself into what those of us

*"Treatise on the Gods," by H. L. Mencken. Published by Knopf, New York. $3.

## The Field

*"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."*

### Gandhi Fund

**Relief for the Sufferers of the Non-Resistant Struggle in India**

| | |
|---|---|
| Previously reported | $461.50 |
| S. S. Snyder | 13.20 |
| Mrs. William E. Mason | 5.00 |
| Miss F. S. Bennett | 7.00 |
| Anonymous | 20.00 |
| Total | $506.70 |

### Conference of Church Social Work

In connection with

**National Conference of Social Work**

Under the auspices of the

**Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America**

June 9th to 14th, 1930

at

Hotel Vendome

and

St. Andrew's Hall, Trinity Church

Boston, Massachusetts

**Program**

The discussions of the National Conference of Social Work will not be duplicated by the Church Conference. The mornings have been left free so that members can attend the sessions of the National Conference, and this is strongly recommended.

**Monday, June 9, 1:00 P. M.**

**Twentieth Century Club**

*Fellowship Luncheon of Ministers*

(Federal Council and Boston Federation of Churches co-operating.)

Presiding: Dr. Worth M. Tippy.

1. The Pastor's Use of Case Work Methods in Family Adjustment.

   Prof. Frank J. Bruno, George Warren Brown Department of Social Work, Washington University, St. Louis.

2. Discussion.

**Tuesday, June 10, 11:00 A. M.**

**Hotel Vendome**

*Sectional meeting of deans and professors of social ethics in theological institutions*

1. Report on study of courses on social work in theological institutions.

   Dr. Albert Z. Mann, Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Illinois.

2. A Clinical Year for Ministers.

   Dr. Richard C. Cabot, Harvard University Theological School.

**1:00 P. M.**

**Hotel Vendome**

*Luncheons of denominational and special religious groups*

Department of Social Relations, Congregational Church:

1. Address by Dr. Graham Taylor, Chicago Theological Seminary.
2. Address by Miss Jane Addams, Chicago (Tentative acceptance).
3. Address by Dr. Hastings H. Hart.

*Round table conferences:*

Baptist Convention (Northern); Church of Christ, Disciples: Friends—American Friends Service Committee, General Conference of the Religious Society of Friends, Religious Society of Friends of Philadelphia and vicinity; Methodist Episcopal Church; Methodist Episcopal Church, South; Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.; Presbyterian Church of North America; Reformed Church in U. S.; Department of Social Relations, American Unitarian Association; Universalist General Convention; Council of Women for Home Missions; Councils of Churches; National Council of Federated Church Women.

**Wednesday, June 11, 1:00 P. M.**

**Hotel Vendome**

*Fellowship Luncheon*

(Joint session, National Conference on Social Service of the Episcopal Church and the Federal Council of Churches.)

Presiding: Rev. Charles N. Lathrop, D.D.

1. How may the various communions be better related to social work?
   a. Experience of the Episcopal Church. Rev. Harold Holt, Department of Christian Social Service, National Council of the Protestant Episcopal Church.
   b. Experience of local councils of churches. Rev. E. A. E. Palmquist, D.D., Philadelphia, Chairman of Committee on Social Service, Association of Executive Secretaries of Councils of Churches.
2. Discussion.

**Thursday, June 12, 1:00 P. M.**

**Hotel Vendome**

*Luncheon*

Presiding: Dr. Henry W. Thurston.

"Dependent Children Under Church Care."

1. Dependency of Children Resulting from Industrial Problems.

   Miss Myrtle Louise Evans, Executive Secretary, Methodist Orphans' Home Association, St. Louis, Missouri.

2. Discussion.

**3:00 P. M.**

**St. Andrews Hall, Trinity Church**

(Joint Session, National Conference on Social Service of the Episcopal Church and the Federal Council of Churches.)

Presiding: Dr. Worth M. Tippy.

1. Church and Family.

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who are no longer under the cloud of complete superstition nor under the smothering roof of eighteenth-century deism call, without any fear of priests, religion.

We welcome H. L. Mencken to the fellowship of the liberal faith. He is no longer the hard-boiled scoffer that he once was. He is now quite a promising "babe in Christ." Such mistakes as he has fallen into, both in this and previous writings, are not due to bad intentions, for he has been a valiant knight of truth, but are due, as I believe, to a whole range of suppressed desires.

Mr. Mencken does love truth and beauty and has done excellent service in pointing out that much religion in America is on a very low level, which is just another way of saying that much of the inspirational life of America is not very inspiring after all to people like Mr. Mencken, and some of the rest of us. But it is a grave error, really a sophomoric error, to single out one of the phenomena of religion, namely the priests, and measure all religion by that one phase of it. And it is a further error to go as far as Mr. Mencken does in wholesale condemnation of priests. Politicians, bakers, bankers and candle-stick makers, along with priests and editors of magazines, are unfortunately a pretty poor lot, but the monetary system of handling trade, for example, should not be condemned every time a banker absconds with the depositor's cash. And I feel sure the analogy will be at once apparent to those who have been just a little bored by Mr. Mencken's incessant attacks on ecclesiastical insincerity as the sole fact of religion.

"A Treatise to the Gods" shows that the author can digest his material much better than Professor Barnes did in "The Twilight of Christianity," but it lacks the penetration and profound serenity of "A Preface to Morals."

On page 225 it states that the Council of Nicea "met in 365." This council, of course, was held in 325. The Council of Lampsacus was held in 365. It is not clear to which the author is referring. On page 270 there is a slight error caused by transposition,—Matthew xiv, 28 should read Matthew xvi, 28.

Raymond H. Palmer.

a. The Church and Family Adjustment.

Rev. M. R. Lovell, Mt. Pleasant Congregational Church, Washington, D. C., representing the Washington Life Adjustment Center.

b. Report on a study of work in family adjustment by local churches in various parts of the country.

Robert C. Dexter, Ph.D., Department of Social Relations, American Unitarian Association, Boston.

2. Discussion.

**6:00 P. M.**

**Hotel Vendome**

*Fellowship Dinner*

Joint Session, National Conference on Social Service of the Episcopal Church and the Federal Council of Churches.

Presiding: Rev. Russell H. Stafford, Old South Church, Boston.

1. Address by Bishop Francis J. McConnell, President of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America.

2. Address by the Rt. Rev. James DeWolf Perry, Presiding Bishop, Protestant Episcopal Church.

**Friday, June 13, 1:00 P. M.**

**Hotel Vendome**

*Federal Council Luncheon*

Presiding: Dr. Worth M. Tippy.

1. Future Conferences.

**3:00 P. M.**

**St. Andrews Hall, Trinity Church**

Joint Session, National Conference on Social Service of the Episcopal Church and the Federal Council of Churches.
Presiding: Rev. Charles N. Lathrop.

1. Spiritual Viewpoint in Social Work. Rev. John Rathbone Oliver, M.D., Baltimore, Md.

2. Spiritual Values of the Family. Address by Miss Mary S. Brisley, Secretary, Church Mission of Help, Diocese of New York.

3. Discussion.

**Information and Suggestions**

This is the first meeting of the Federal Council's Conference of Church Social Work, held as a Special Group of the National Conference of Social Work. Several joint meetings will be held with the National Conference on Social Service of the Episcopal Church, which has been meeting for ten years as one of the Kindred Groups of the National Conference. A more permanent organization of the Church Conference will be discussed at the luncheon on Friday.

All meetings will be held at luncheons, in the afternoons or at dinner. This leaves mornings and evenings free for members to attend the sessions of the National Conference on Social Work, which is strongly recommended. The program of the great conference has twelve divisions: Children, Delinquents and Correction, Health, The Family, Industrial and Economic Problems, Neighborhood and Community Life, Mental Hygiene, Organization of Social Forces, Public Officials and Administration, The Immigrant, Professional Standards and Education, Educational Publicity and Committee on the American Indian.

There is a special railroad fare (fare and a half) to members of the Conference this year. Reduced fare on the round-trip Identification Certificate Plan will apply also to dependent members of their families. Membership in the National Conference of Social Work costs $3.00, $5.00 with Proceedings. Check should be forwarded to Mr. H. R. Knight, General Secretary, 277 East Long Street, Columbus, Ohio.

**Accommodations and Rates**

All luncheons of the Church Conference are $1.00, payable at the luncheon. Dinner, June 12th, is $1.75.

Accommodations at the Hotel Vendome, Dartmouth and Commonwealth Avenues, Boston, have been reserved for the Church Conference group. Minimum rates, suite arrangement, European plan, $3.00 per day. Reservations, stating specific dates, which are to be made through this office, should be in not later than May 30th, otherwise rooms will not be held.

Commission on the Church and Social Service
Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America
105 East 22nd Street, New York City
Worth M. Tippy, *Chairman*
Amelia Wyckoff, *Conference Secretary*

## Tolerance Affirmed in Unitarian Fellowship

That both humanists and theists should remain in the Unitarian Fellowship, discuss their differences freely, and avert schism, and that future published services and hymns should include materials acceptable to both viewpoints—this reaffirmation of the freedom and solidarity of the Fellowship has been voted overwhelmingly by members of the Unitarian Ministerial Union. The action is important in the light of recent discussions concerning varieties of religious viewpoint. The resolutions, and the results of the mail vote on them as announced at the Union's annual meeting in Boston, Mass., on Monday of Anniversary Week, follow:

"Resolved, That, in view of the present theological controversy in our denomination, we unite in reaffirming loyalty to our traditional principles of tolerance, to the end that free discussion between theists and humanists be not impaired, that both factions be urged to retain fellowship in our ranks, that no schism be allowed to ensue."

This resolution was carried by a vote of 177 to eight, with forty-six not voting.

"Whereas, The Unitarian principle of tolerance should, in fact, as well as in theory, permit differing religious beliefs within our fellowship, and

"Whereas, Many of the humanist elements of worship may be used by both theists and humanists,

"Resolved, That we deplore any new venture to bring out either a markedly theist or markedly humanist hymn or service book as being harmfully schismatic; and be it further

"Resolved, That future publications of hymn and service books sponsored by our denomination contain a wide selection of material acceptable to both theists and humanists."

The vote on this was 170 in favor and eleven against, with fifty not voting.

*—Christian Register.*

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